

# TWO FATHERS

From the German of Eugen Kalkschmidt, Translated, with  
Introductory Comment, by William L. McPherson.

"Let us hope so. And were they only flesh wounds?"

The admiral slowly stroked his long sea-man's beard.

"Well, not exactly. Some are in the shin-bone, and the shoulder is also shattered. How am I going to get him out of here and take him home?"

"Yes; that's just it. That's what also bothers me."

Then the two fathers discussed all the ins and outs of the question of transportation, until each had actually landed his son at home.

They smoked a while in silence and then got up to go.

"Till to-morrow, then—till to-morrow evening!"

"I have sent a dispatch to my wife," said the Geheimerth the next evening. "Think of it! The fever has sunk astonishingly—from 40.1 to 36.6 (Réaumur). The chief surgeon didn't expect anything like that. He told me that himself. So I have telegraphed: 'Condition better. Journey still uncertain.' At least she has some news. But pardon me, Admiral, I had almost forgotten! How goes it with you?"

"It could go better," grumbled the Admiral. "He is so despondent. To-day he sent me away—absolutely sent me away."

"You, too? Why, my son also chased me out. What can one do? If one stays, they become impatient and nervous. It is better to go."

"And what is happening out there? I read to-day three or four different newspapers, merely to kill the time. I read them all through and didn't even notice that I was reading the same old thing. They all have the same news. Our advance in Serbia. Everything goes splendidly. And the Bulgarians—great fellows. But besides that I know nothing, just nothing. And I sat more

than two hours and read—and read. It is really preposterous."

The Admiral seized his glass, emptied it at a gulp and stared into the air.

The Geheimerth was silent for a while. Then he asked, hesitatingly: "Do you know that a hospital train leaves here day after to-morrow? I heard so accidentally."

"Day after to-morrow?"

"Yes. But who knows where it goes? I want to have my son back in Silesia. What could I do with him at Lake Constance or somewhere else like that?"

"Nay, Lake Constance may be all right. But I prefer the North Sea. So the fever has gone down with you? I congratulate you sincerely. You have good prospects."

"I hope so," exclaimed the Geheimerth eagerly. "It went away suddenly, and he is still very weak. But no wonder, for the wound is big enough for me to put my hand into it."

"If only the fever stays away," said the Admiral.

For a good while neither spoke again. Then they separated.

"Till to-morrow evening! Auf Wiedersehen!"

"That I had never expected—not that!"

The Admiral beamed all over. He made a boyishly exaggerated bow and seated himself.

"Would you believe it? The chief surgeon got hold of me to-day and said very calmly: 'If you want to have your son home, take

him, so far as I am concerned! He can go to-morrow on the hospital train. Is there any danger? Not a bit. He will come through with his thirteen shell holes. The number didn't help him. We have put away many others with thirteen wounds.'

"Well, what do you say? Isn't it great? Here, garçon!"

And without waiting for an answer the Admiral ordered a bottle of good old Burgundy.

The Geheimerth had listened with a forced smile. Now his look relaxed. He was deep again in his own preoccupations. The Admiral noticed the change. He hemmed and hawed diplomatically. Then he said: "But I had almost forgotten to ask!"

"Things are not going well," the Geheimerth answered softly. "The fever stood to-day again at 40. He has delirium. When he is conscious he wants to hear of nothing but his regiment. I ran around, picked up some information and gave it to him. It wasn't much, for the Guard has been transferred from this neighborhood since he was wounded. But he was very thankful—and very gentle—much too gentle, and much too still."

The Geheimerth stopped suddenly, as if he had already said too much. After a while he went on:

"That fall in temperature—it seemed to me very suspicious. But in such cases one catches at everything. Even a straw suffices. I shall have to write my wife that for the present he will be much better off here. That

may relieve her mind. Although you know that women always think that if they are not themselves there—And the nursing here is really very good—in fact, excellent."

"Does he complain much?"

"No, that is the worst of it. I saw myself how he suffered. But as soon as the surgeon comes, everything is fine. There is nothing he wants done for him. It almost angers me."

The two fathers ate their meal in silence. The waiter came and went. All about them were cheerful voices. Glasses clinked:

"Long live the First Battalion!"

The Admiral looked around. Always new faces. Every day they changed. An idea came to him. It would divert the Geheimerth. He asked suddenly:

"Did you see the Emperor to-day?"

"To-day? And here?"

"Yes, certainly. I was standing before the hotel. An automobile passed by and some one waved his hand to me. I know no one around here, so I stood there somewhat puzzled and stiffly returned the greeting. And then I realized that it was the Kaiser. He had recognized me at once and waved at me. That pleased me immensely."

"I should think so," said the Geheimerth. "Perhaps he is going to visit the hospitals."

And he pictured to himself how interested his boy would be when the news was passed around: "His Majesty is coming to-day."

"Till to-morrow, Herr Geheimerth. To-morrow night I start. Your stay here, too, I hope, will not be long."

The Geheimerth tried to smile. But he didn't make much of a success of it. Silently he pressed the Admiral's hand.

The next evening the Admiral had to dine alone. The Geheimerth did not appear. And while Admiral von Lutteroth waited for his son at the hospital train Geheimerth von

Bohlen sat in his chilly room at the hotel and wrote his wife:

"My dear Elizabeth:

"Till now I have put off writing you at any length, because I hoped from day to day to be able to tell you everything in person and to bring our Walter along with me. After what the surgeon said to me to-day I must ask you to summon up all your courage. The lives of each and all of us are in God's hand and if He should have decided to take our dear son to Himself, we must not murmur, but bear what we, with thousands of other fathers and mothers, must bear in these great and solemn times."

"Walter's wound is a very severe one. He has borne up wonderfully well and all hope has not yet vanished. But I do not delude myself. A catastrophe may come, and the surgeon himself admits the possibility."

Here the Geheimerth stopped writing and leaned back in his chair. He sat thus for a long time. Was it not better to tell the whole truth? Instead of breaking it to her in instalments?

There was no longer any hope. Walter von Bohlen, Lieutenant in the First Foot Regiment of the Guard, was going to die. The father himself felt it. He had seen the shadow of death flickering over that pale brow—a shadow chilling and awful. But he got himself in hand again and wrote further:

"Always in such cases there are unexpected turns. The son of an Admiral is leaving here to-night in a hospital train; in spite of his thirteen shrapnel wounds the young man passed his crisis in a very few days. The father, with whom I have been thrown daily here in the hotel, told me about it."

There was a knock on the door. An orderly entered. The head surgeon wished the Herr Geheimerth to come at once to the hospital.

The old gentleman arose with an effort. He knew what was ahead of him.

For a moment he hesitated. Then he took the unfinished letter from the table and with trembling fingers tore it into tiny bits.

## MOVIES THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN



BETWEEN THE DARK AND THE DAYLIGHT, WHEN THE NIGHT IS BEGINNING TO LOWER.



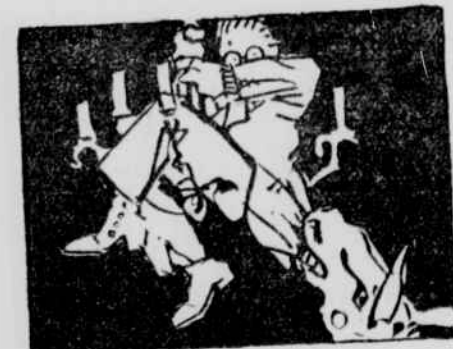
THE CHILDREN AND MAUD, THE MULE, DO STUNTS WITH FATHER AND THE CLOTHES LINE.



SMART ALECK AND BUSTER TRIFLE WITH A SELTZER SIPHON IN FATHER'S VICINITY.



MAUD, THE FAMILY MULE, REDUCES THE DISTANCE BETWEEN FATHER AND THE CHANDELIER.



## VIII—THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW and ARTHUR H. FOLWELL

Picture Scenario by C. B. Falls

Between the dark and the daylight,  
When the night is beginning to lower,  
Comes a pause in the day's occupation,  
Which is known as the children's hour;  
The comical children's hour.

I hear in the chamber above me,  
The nursery next the roof,  
The sound of a door that is opened,  
And a whispered "Zowie" and "Oof";  
A chuckled "Zowie" and "Oof."

From my study I see in the lamplight,  
Descending the stairway broad,  
Smart Aleck and rollicking Buster,  
And the family mule, named Maud;  
The pet of the household—Maud.

A whisper and then a silence,  
Yet I know that the merry crew,  
Are plotting and planning together  
To hand me a swat or two;  
My evening swat or two.

A rocket shot from the stairway,  
A kick by Maud in the hall,  
And the children and I together  
Go down in a funny fall;  
A screamingly funny fall.

With a clothesline swiped from the laundry  
They tie me secure in my chair;  
If I try to escape they lambaste me,  
And Maud kicks me everywhere;  
Most laughably—everywhere.

They all but drown me with seltzer;  
Their laughter is loud and clear;  
And Maud, at the last, assists me  
To cling to the chandelier;  
In shreds, to the chandelier.

Don't think, O smart Aleck and Buster,  
Because I apparently fall  
For any old game you may hand me,  
That you have the best of it all;  
The zest and the best of it all.

For you are my inspiration;  
Maudie, the mule, and you;  
Were it not for your pranks, my children,  
I shouldn't know what to do;  
Professionally—what to do.

A wad of ideas you give me;  
Which helps to a huge extent,  
When one is a comical artist  
For a Sabbath Day Supplement;  
A juvenile Supplement.

## OBREGON, THE HANDY MAN.

Continued from page two.

finally on to Mexico City, in September, 1914, as commander of the corps of the northwest.

Here came the unpleasant days for the residents of Mexico City, and in a little time the test of Obregon's loyalty. The famous convention of the rebels, prescribed by the plan of Guadalupe, was called for Mexico City, but before its arrival there had come the split between Carranza and another of the northern commanders, Pancho Villa. Villa in a rage had repudiated Carranza's leadership, and had demanded on his own account a convention of delegates from all over the republic. The convention was called for Aguascalientes, which lay in Villa territory.

Thither wended their way the delegates, a wild collection. It was almost ready to start when there was pandemonium outside, and into the city came dashing the soldiers of Villa. This was no place for the Carranza followers, and realizing that Pancho had brought his bandits with him to overawe the delegates and force the selection of a President named by Villa, the Carranza followers withdrew.

Villa at that time made a genuine effort to buy off Obregon, all rumors say, but failed. Explanations differ. Obregon's friends say his loyalty to Carranza never wavered. His foes say he asked too high a price. Whichever it was, whether voluntarily or otherwise, Obregon did remain loyal, and for his pains was shot at by one of the cooperating Villistas, who—as is generally the case with Mexican marksmanship—missed him.

## LOOPING THE LOOP.

Continued from page one.

I turned and saw the captain leaning out over his windshield. He was smiling—smiling and fumbling with his goggles. Something, it seemed, had gone wrong with them. So far as I could see, this was the only mark of our having been upside down. And it was set right straightway.

For immediately we started turning. The captain banked her very prettily and I saw the little paths of Hyde Park between the 'planes. Somehow it gave them a wonderful perspective, this looking down the full length of the 'plane.

And so we came back, over houses and white streets, to the wide sweep of the river. Came back straight toward the sun, which for the first time was shining through the mist. It seemed very close in front of us and not brilliant because of the gray curtain before it.

And in the little village a train was running along. Very small, making puffs of smoke. And the smoke was yellow, not the clean white of the broken clouds which were drifting below us.

We circled toward the aerodrome. We dropped down, spiralling. It was a double spiral Captain X made—and a particularly beautiful one. It was the final evidence of the superb construction of his majesty's biplane, designed for the destruction of enemy aircraft. I had full opportunity of discovering whatever weakness or fallibility might have been in her. There was none.

Built for the purpose of war, designed for the most difficult and dangerous work, she fulfilled every demand. I knew that the Royal Flying Corps had pride in her and faith in her. And I felt that it was justified.